



TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 26.

DO NOT PUT IT OFF.
The Free Doctors' Fund for the Sick Babies is something that cannot be too strongly impressed upon the readers of THE SUNDAY WORLD. The contributions which have come in already prove the same prompt sympathy with the human sorrow involved in the sickness of a poor child which has been so generously shown in past years. These good folk need no spur.

But it is to those who are a knack of procrastinating, or through a good-natured indolence, or on account of stress of business care put off doing anything in this worthy cause that exhortation is in order. They, as a rule, are no more hard-hearted than anybody else. They simply feel that giving something to the Fund is not an urgent necessity.

This is not the right view to take. Those suffering children will be relieved by prompt aid and may escape much pain and affliction through early contributions to the Free Doctors' treasury. Do not delay. There is nothing gained by it. Send what you intend to send at once. You do more good and it costs no more.

On the face of it there seems no excuse for the cold-blooded shooting of Private McLean, of Battery I, at Fort Hamilton by Private Nelson, of Battery A. The soldiers, it seems, beguile their leisure in the evening by betting at a hotel near the fort. McLean had accused Nelson of winning by sharp practice. Nelson thereupon got his gun and, later, shot McLean, who died last night of the wound. Such an affair is sad enough at best, but to take place among Government troops gives it the nature of a scandal, and the ill-savor of it is not helped by the statement that if every responsible subordinate at the fort had done his duty the tragedy could not have occurred.

The case of a Maryland Sheriff in regard to three men of the same name is very doctol. He paid money to No. 1 to No. 2, and then when No. 1 claimed the debt imprisoned No. 3 in the belief that he was the unjust No. 2. Whereupon No. 3 sued for malicious prosecution and recovered \$400. Everybody except the Sheriff and No. 1 seem to have profited by the fact that there were three of a kind.

When the unenvying dog-catcher bags some canine daring the indignation aroused in the feminine owner of the dog is not always tempered with reason. A Long Island lady whose pet had been incarcerated in the pound sallied forth to his rescue in a high dudgeon. There was no official in sight, so she opened the inclosure to get her pet. Naturally, all the impounded dogs burst forth to freedom with a bay of delight. It looks as if it were only justice to exact the fees for this whole sale delivery from the lady.

A theatrical manager who was playing an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe felt that the old play needed some novel attractions, and accordingly introduced a balloon ascension and a parachute jump. The balloon in coming down injured several chimney-pots and there was a row by the townspeople, which resulted in the enterprising manager's giving up \$25. Hereafter he will stick to straight theatrics or get a steering gear for his balloon.

The proceedings of the L. road towards a third track construction, under the thin guise of the "siding and switches" allowed by law, is a sufficient indication of what a grabbing would ensue if the corporation were allowed the least increase of license in the parks.

JAY GOULD might have said, with the villain in the play, "I am discovered." But it would not have been like him to have added, "All is lost," when the police stopped his third-track building in Columbus avenue.

WARNER MILLER says it is certain that Dr. Dewey can, if he wants it, have the Republican nomination for Governor. He modestly adds that, for himself, he had enough of it the last time he ran.

The question as to who said FASSETT might be Chairman of the State Committee threatens the recently discovered Republican harmony.

"Secretary BLAKE up and dressed," says a morning paper. That was the way REMON found him.

The North Woods will repay the State a thousand fold for their preservation.

Remember the Free Doctors' Fund.

SPOTLIGHTS.

The Pension Bureau has too many drawers in it.

Some of a singer's highest notes are those she takes into her posthumous.

The Cannon wedding will have a great report.

The best alibi is having an unfriendly rival dead.

The sunlight falls on autumn walls.

The widow is told once more the old story, "I am a widow." The fresh wind blows from the widow's skirts.

A shooting star was never known to hit the mark.

The stark skeleton of the West is now on the tracks of the locomotive, much to the cost of both.

When a mother could fall into the hands of the Cossacks they are not called. They immediately try to find an aster.

The Duchess of Marlborough will remain a estimate of this country, because she would have been to see the Duke of Devonshire.

Who can look for much from our climate when the Springs are so evidently out of repair?

Saved from an Awful Fate.

"Suppose," said the interested spectator, as he gazed at the wicked wretch who had calmly plucked his teeth inside the prison bars, "I could be free once more. How would that suit you?"

"I wouldn't suit me at all," replied the (hardened felon, as a great tear of joy slowly descended down his cheek; "my wife's daughter-in-law is due to be married."



Sketches by M. Quad.
Jimmy Got the Cake.
"And where are you going, Katy?" called a Houston street mother from a third-story window to her daughter on the sidewalk.
"Over to Mr. Johnson's to inquire about her sick boy."
"Well, go on; but remember that if she begins to brag that his pulse has been up to 110, you want to say that our Jimmy's pulse saw that and went 15 better the week he had the measles. Don't let her bluff you on pulses."

He Floated.
"All out!" called the conductor of a bridge train car as it stopped at the Brooklyn end. "I say you—all out!"
Every one was out but a thin and weary-looking dude, who asked:
"Conductah, has the motion ceased?"
"All out!"
"Because, ye know, if the motion has not ceased, and a feller tries to go out, there comes a reaction which propels him backward."
"Gt out!"
"Conductah, the motion seems to have quite disappeared, and the danger of being propelled backward no longer exists. I will therefore descend from the cab with all possible rapidity—aw!"

And he floated off the platform with the grace and gentleness of a puffed tail-feather falling from the roof of the world, sleeps and the angels keep guard.

Striking a Job.
Yesterday morning a man stood leaning against the hard wall of the Post-Office and looking down Broadway, when a bootblack slid up to him and propounded the customary inquiry.

"Boy, do you know who I am?" demanded the stranger with a great deal of pomposity in his tones.

"You bet I do! Some of the kids might take you for a U. S. A. soldier, but I'm on to you bigger than a house! You is the man who is going to be our next Governor!"

"You can shine," he said as he put out his foot, and when the boy was completed, he handed over a quarter and didn't wait for the change.

He Was Liberal.
He had imbibed just enough to feel big-hearted towards all the world, and after the train which he took to cross the bridge had got started he went to the door and queried of one of the guards on the platform:

"Anything to pay?"
"No; you paid at the office."
"But I only paid three cents."
"Well, that's the fare."
"Here—take ten. I don't want to be mean about this."

"You have paid enough, sir."
"All right! All right!—just as you say about it, but if you should change your mind let me know. When I'm out with the boys I always want to chuck up my full share. No bribe on my back, and don't you forget it. Give you a dollar if you say so."

"No."
"All right!—let 'er flicker! My name is Climax—Jim Climax, and any time you want to raise the fare to fifty cents count me in."

Buying a Goddess.
Up at the Grand Central Depot the other day a man with four or five bundles on his back beside him was waiting for his train. It so happened that another waiting passenger asked him a question or two, and the pair were soon chatting away as men will under like circumstances. By and by number one took up one of his parcels and said:

"I'd like your judgment on this purchase. Are you up on art?"
"Why, I'm fairly well posted, I think."
"I don't pretend to be. I'm only a plain farmer, and I know more about pumpkins than art. One of my girls is a school teacher, and she's right on the top notch of art, spellin' and tellin' the names of States and Governors. I bought her this piece of statuary as a present. Mebbe I've hit it, and mebbe not. What sort of stuff is it, to begin with?"

"That's plaster of Paris."
"Come from Paris, eh? Orter be purty good. What does she figure represent?"
"A Goddess goddess, I should say."
"Well, that order has all right. I'd prefer a Michigan or Wisconsin goddess, as I've got some land out there, but I couldn't afford to be particular. What's the value of it?"

"You paid a quarter, perhaps."
"The feller wanted a quarter, but I beat him down to fifteen cents. Looks purty near like marble, don't it?"

"Quite so."
"Is the position what they call classical?"
"I think so."
"Got plenty of clothes on?"
"Yes."
"Expression of the face all right for a goddess?"
"It is very good, indeed."
"Is it good 'nuff to stand on a parlor organ with only one lamp in the room?"
"Quite so."
"Well, I'm glad to hear it. It was a little rocky me picking it out, but I guess it will pass. I'll call it Hanner, a Grecian goddess, who was a boss school-teacher. If it happens to strike my girl all right, it's a go. If it don't, she'll knock her head off at one swipe, and I'll use the pieces to chink up rail holes."

Sound Advice.
"Fiddle!—I've engaged a dressmaker, mamma, to work at the house, and I'm going to assist her."
"Mamma—I would advise you to get two. You will need one, you know, to rip out what you do."

Accommodating.
Irate Guest (to landlord of an Oklahoma hotel): "You informed me that I might order whatever I liked for dinner. I called for oxtail soup, salmon, chops, potato salad, a bottle of wine and the like, and the waiter brought me corn bread and bacon."
Landlord (cheerfully): "Oh, that's all right. I'm a regular stranger. We're so to get a mountain as so we let the new-comers order what they please. It's just the same as the waiter to take their orders, as it makes the strangers feel kinder good while they wait."

Meteorological Anglomania.
"Primus!—I wonder if our climate really is about to change permanently, as they say. Secundus—shouldn't wonder. Tertiary Kipling said he didn't like it, you know."

His Strong Point.
"Well, there's one thing about Harrison, anyhow," said Wiggles.
"He's the cutest little President we've ever had."

Didn't Have Time.
Mr. Ringo (talking to)—The barn is burning down! Quick, where's the fire-extinguisher?
Mrs. Ringo (excitedly)—It's locked up in the closet, and the key is in the pocket of my other dress upstairs.
Mr. Ringo (regained)—Then let the barn burn.

Without Much Difficulty.
Gazeem—It is no hard to be poor?
Bainox—Ah! yet a great many people accomplish it.

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Frederick's..... 25
Bainox's..... 1.00
I. X. L..... 1.00

A Sweetheart's Gift.
Here is \$5 cents for the Free Doctors' Fund from
LITTLE FREDERICK'S SWEETHEART.
Another Friend.

Included please send \$1 for the Sick Baby Fund.
BABIES' FRIEND.

THE CLEANER.
There is no doubt that a milk-white coat, with buff facings, is a very pretty suit of paint for a cleaner. The Concord looked very handsome in it as the big iron thing rode the slate-colored waters of the East River yesterday. Pictorial effect is not an element to be considered in the planning of a cleaner, but if she can be all sea-foam and yet stand forth a thing of beauty, so much the better. That is what the boys of the White Squadron do.

Mar is too far gone to be able to redeem herself now in point of weather. But if she were bright and smiling for her few remaining days much might be forgiven to her.

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HEAVING HANDS.

The Babies Will Want Many of Them This Year.

The More Money Received the More Good Can Be Done.

Send In Your Mites, Then, Without Delay.

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Hats for Youthful Faces—The Care of Children's Heads—Silk Skirt Foundations Not Successful—Shirts and Blouses for Women—Pretty House Dresses.

Four-cornered military hats are held by a rooster of velvet ribbon on each upturned point, and should only be worn over a youthful, jaunty face. A large hat bow on the left side of a hat is the newest departure from the universal trimming in the back. English bonnets are as flat as an upturned saucer, with a flat bow on one side, flowers in front and a velvet ribbon tie.

In the Lancashire factories some 7,000 English women and girls are employed making nails, rivets, and chains.

Mrs. Marie Correll, the novelist, has returned to London from her winter sojourn at Montreux, Switzerland, to find on arrival that an enterprising firm of publishers has made her the offer of \$10,000 for the year's serial and three-volume rights of her next novel before a line of it is written.

There are a great many more strong-minded women in the country than there are strong-bodied. The physically vigorous are not common in or out of society.

If your little child has more head or an eruption of the scalp, instead of rasping and scratching the skin with comb and brush wash it daily with tepid water and either Spanish or Italian soap, using a soft sponge instead of a rag or towel. When mopped, not rubbed, dry, anoint the sore places with sweet oil or cold cream, allowing it to soak into the skin. This simple treatment repeated every day for a week or two will not only heal the scalp but stimulate the growth of hair by feeding the oil glands.

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